

"EVERY PLANT WHICH MY HEAVENLY FATHER HATH NOT PLANTED SHALL BE ROOTED UP."

conscious of the presence of a protecting army: else, why the necessity of opening his eyes to dis-
visit to the sepulchre, that a solution is presented. For in this regard the opinion of the seer is
opened, and before the lower planes are finally dis-
earth—the civilized and savage conditions. How
are heirs of salvation. This is not spoken of
special or isolated case but the universal

the invisible fact, "that they which be
are *more* than they which be with them."
not say that this was the opening of his
light; for if this were not already opened,
could he see the hosts of the enemy at the
? If he could not see the army about the
y, how could he see the army beyond it?
fears also imply that he was utterly un-

simply presents the facts as seen; its object is then attained. In this case, as in the former, we should have been left to the uncertainty of inference from the narrative itself. And even when it records their return, it is said, "they told all these things unto the eleven, and to all the rest." Still, not one word about their opinion of the character of the unusual phenomenon. And it is not until we arrive at the account of the two disciples going to

of the body. The mental phenomena, exhibited by
dying persons, bear testimony to this *law of death*.
When first death attacks the senses, the plane of
consciousness is in the most external part of the
brain, and the mental phenomena are precisely like
unto persons dreaming, unsoundly; then it be-
comes somnambulistic, often like unto sound sleep;
then unto trance, and ultimately death, as the work
of dissolution proceeds inward. Sometimes the

—perfectly agreeing with the Biblical demonstrations we have already cited. It is within us. It is *not* without us. It is within, where the soul is; it is a Spirit-world, and hence can be no where else. Heaven and hell, therefore, are not places, but states in which the soul is: conditions of its being; good or evil; which determine the final allotment, so to speak. They simply denote the two great divisional states of being, conditions of existence;

the apostle Paul speaking of angelic Spirits, says, "Are they not *all* ministering Spirits sent forth to administer to them who shall be heirs of salvation?" In this passage, we are expressly taught that assisting mankind, or constant communication with mankind is not only a standing employment or office of angelic Spirits, but that it is the only authorized use or office. Of course this assistance could include every possible variety of modes.—

rit-land. Balaam, the soothsayer, was made the medium of blessing the tribes of Israel in a prophecy that is unequalled for force, sublimity and beauty of diction, and containing the most unlimited positive clauses for the safety of the people whom he aimed to curse, whilst the Witch of Endor was the medium whereby Samuel gave Saul a prophetic intimation of his fate. It is surely sufficient for the present purpose to know the fact, that there always was a channel of communication or of intercourse between the two worlds, and that whilst the

and evil—true and false. Whilst it was open to the Jews, who had the Word, it was also open to the heathen world, who had not the Word, and were addicted to idolatry. Balaam is an illustration of this. Hence, whilst the Jewish Church existed as such, heathen oracles and divinations were quite as frequent, and their seers quite as free in their intercourse as the prophets and seers of the Hebrew nation. But when the true mediums—the prophets and seers of the Lord among the Jews—ceased to exist, and false prophets and seers took their place, then the channels were unmeaning juggleries, and divinations became mystic impostures. The channel of communication would not be kept open for the use of the bad and the designing alone. Whilst the channels of error were open to the seers of the Jews, false, illegitimate, and deceptive channels were open among the heathens with their like in the Spirit-land. But when the true channels closed, the false channels closed also. A universal law passed obviously through the Spirit-land that all communications should be made through the channel of the true, and not through the false. The mere disclosure of the true channel of communication, separate from the permission to declare the intimate connexion which at all times exist between the two worlds, even when no intercourse of a conscious character is known to exist. The exposition of biblical facts upon this subject, will have the good effect of introducing a new element into the dogmas of the sects, and widely inculcate their public teachings with the true and the false. The true and the false are the same realities when speaking of the same facts at home. At the same time it will keep the seers of the Spirit-land, and prevent their regarding the seers of the Spirit-land, or wandering to the sun and stars to find out heaven; whilst the seers of the Spirit-land will be enabled to see that the Spirit-world is within not without, as the Lord taught the Jews; that it is a world of state, rather than place, and that the kingdom of heaven is within you, where the soul is.

We are sometimes charged with taking the writings of Swedenborg as Divine revelations, and setting aside the authority of scripture. By others we are charged with regarding his writings as being supplemental scriptures, having authority with and, in fact, to be applied to the Scriptures. But this course is a mistake, and will show that we make the widest possible distinction between the two—as wide as that which exists between human and Divine compositions, and that intrinsically there is precisely the same distinction between the two works as there is between a Divine composition and any other human works. We are sometimes charged with believing nothing but what Swedenborg has seen as a seer, and that our doctrines rest upon and have their foundation in his personal experiences as a seer; and that if his personal revelations or relations be taken away, the whole edifice will fall asunder. The answer to this charge never was a more conclusive opinion than this is. Our doctrines are not based upon the scriptures, and where else, and are drawn therefrom, even by Swedenborg himself, upon grounds totally irrespective of his personal experiences—upon grounds resting exclusively in their own intrinsic nature, and without the slightest reference to his personal experience as a seer. The doctrines drawn from scripture and his personal experiences are as totally distinct in themselves, and are always regarded and kept distinct both by himself and followers, as the personal conflict of Luther with the demon, or the visions of Wesley, are always regarded distinct from their doctrinal teachings, grounded in the scriptures. The alleged distinction between the two, neither should their followers be charged with grounding their doctrines upon these experiences. We are also aware, that there are some advocates of modern Spiritualism who regard at least the revelations of Spirits as having equal and even greater authority than the scriptures. But this results from their not having the slightest knowledge of the distinction between a Divine composition or structure, and what is human. They have yet to learn wherein the divinity of scripture, or of any revelation from God to man, consists. They have yet to learn, that a revelation may be true in all the main facts, and even in detail, but still not have the slightest divinity in the structure or composition in the narrative. This course of lectures will show that the facts or truths, which it is impossible for either man or Spirit to imitate, however pure, or holy, or exalted, the being may be. Those who think contrary, we invite to try one test; to bring their revelations to the ordeal we shall submit, and see if they will present the same unerring and infallible demonstration. And those who have hitherto thought we have set aside the authority of scripture, or placed the writings of Swedenborg even on the same plane of authority, or even grounded our doctrines on his personal experiences, will find they have been widely led astray, before this course of lectures is completed.

We have entitled this lecture, "What the Bible teaches of the Spirit-land." And we so designated it, because we think it to be an incontrovertible truth, that the biblical facts and demonstrations relating to the Spirit-land—where it is, its sun, objects, inhabitants, phenomena and laws, are superior to anything that has ever been presented to the world, from the time of the prophets until the present time; and that no series of revelations relating thereto are so comprehensive, so powerfully exponential, so exquisitely gorgeous and immense, or present such displays of grandeur, power, majesty and glory; or exhibits the Spirit-land on such an immense scale, and in such glowing colors, as are presented by the biblical facts and demonstrations relating thereto. Besides all this, there is one fact of biblical fact worthy of our notice, and that is, that the Bible contains the most undeniable marks of demonstrative consistency in all the details as the biblical series; and that no fundamental fact or law has ever been presented to the world, that the biblical series does not obviously exhibit.

We hold it the wisest, the safest, the most justifiable course to pursue, in relation to our belief upon this subject, that nothing should be implicitly received, from any quarter, unless it accord with the doctrine taught by the biblical facts upon this question—doctrines which are undeniably the biblical demonstrations, which have God's sanction for being the truth, and which demonstrations were specially conducted by God himself, with a view to present them as his recorded revelations upon the subject in question; and having the seal and sanction of his name. Why then set them aside for that which has a human origin, however true it may be? In God's Record we have the best, the truest, the sweetest, the most majestic and glorious, the most reliable and infallible revelations, and the most varied from every region of the Spirit-land.

Our unseen but perpetual communication with the Spirit-land, and the condition of knowledge coming from interior sources, are such, that they are alike to all, without exception—medium or otherwise—graduated by the quality and capacity of the channel of intercourse. The biblical facts of God's Word form a Divine revelation of the Spirit-land, that exhibits all the fundamental rules of thought by which we are to be guided in our beliefs, and all the fundamental laws of mind, by which the spiritual manifestations can even be exhibited, and all the laws of intercourse between the two worlds. To this standard, which is given by the Divine Being, we reduce everything proposed for our rational acceptance. We even bear in remembrance, that the servant is not greater than his God, nor a servant's authority subversive of his master's. We know it is placed in the Gospel record, and we believe the fact, that God himself is a Spirit—a Divine, not a human Spirit—and that, as Paul says, "We are ministering Spirits sent forth to minister, will not be sent forth by God, with a mission and an authority to present a revelation of their own, superior to that which He himself has given. The Divine Word is the Lamb's Book of Life, in which are written all and everything that can ever be said of the issues of life, in all the graduated forms of life, from God to man. There can come no message of universal truth, precept or doctrine, from Spirit, in the Spirit-land, but what must come to us second hand, and adulterated by human aspects; nothing can come from angel or Spirit, of universal interest that is not to be found in the biblical sense of God's Word; and there is no Divine authority, and the revelation is a revelation of a higher order, being direct from God the Great Spirit, whose relations are sent to all.

Christian Spiritualist.
So long as Men are Honest, so long will Success follow in the Footsteps of their Labors.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DEC. 8, 1855.
THE GOSPEL OF DAILY LIFE.
The fact "that day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night addeth knowledge," is so deeply engraven on the consciousness of every thoughtful Spirit, that there were little need of argument to convince the mind of progress, were it not that the native or educational instinct of the Pharisee or the Sadducee prompt them to doubt or deny this God-ordained witness. The vast ocean of internal life that wells up and pictures its images on the mirror of consciousness, has ever been the true and unmistakable source of all abiding and reliable testimony, because its cheering or doubting evidences have been so felt and intuitive, according to the education of the Spirit and the development of the soul. In this world of thought and emotion, the soul must be its own translator, interpreter and confessor, for none can so well perform these offices. Inasmuch, however, as the Spirit is quickened by the operations of Nature, and by the surroundings of social life, everything that tends to stimulate the soul's activity, and inspire it with larger and nobler desires for a closer communion with its better self, and the pure and holy in others, therefore is it, that every manifestation of unfolding thought, inspired deed, and expanded consciousness, speaks to the divine and human in man, and like so many mirrors enables him to see the exact condition of his own Spirit, and feel its strength and weakness, while realizing its capacity and limitation.

When in this happy and receptive mood, every thing has a lesson to teach, and a spirit to impart with a freshness and a newness ne'er seen before, or if seen, ne'er felt with that vividness and distinctness that now animates and expands the mind. Thoughts spring into being too big for utterance, and feelings divine and beautiful give coloring to the scene and its surroundings, until common things become eloquent in their use, while divine life is consecrated and made holy by the inspirations of the hour. Life, that at other times is extreme angular and disproportioned, is rounded into harmony and significance, for then, the most humble act or thought is found to have relation to, and in some way expresses the expanding energy, which is as it were, the wings on which the soul flies forth to meet the beautiful in Nature, and the Spiritual in life. In this blending of thought and feeling with Nature and life, the Spirit is at a loss to determine the full value of the one, or realize the extent of its obligation to the other, for the hopes and joys that well forth in delight, or reflect their diamond lustre from the heaven of memory, alike entrance the soul in the intoxication of the scene. But life is not all sentiment, nor passion, for the reason that man has a mental as well as an emotional nature, and the former needs education, that it may correct the general manifestations of the latter. For this end, the sorrows that springs from sad experiences and imperfect developments, are but angels in disguise, although they meet us at every turn of life, and jostle us in the street, for they remind us of errors, and warn us of extremes.

So inwrought is this moralism of life into daily experience, and so universally is it recognized in the gospel of use, that the very stones in the street become mediums of instruction and suggestive thought, for they associate the mind of the thinker with the mighty past, and reveal the world of motive, that called them into being. If, therefore, the accidents of daily life can speak to, and inspire the Spirit, while educating the mind, what a world of use and beauty springs into being at the bare mention of the actualities of Spirit life and Angel guardianship, for they refer to a world that is as real as its joys and experiences are endless. They unfold to us the beauties and glories of a state, the very mention of which, invests the meanest of men with value, if not dignity, for he is heir to all time in the which he is to be partaker of the Spiritual wealth of the ages.

In this lesson, *Spiritualism* culminates, for it comprehends the varied manifestations of life as the soul's report of its own development, and gives point to their explanation, by making them, and all things, minister to, and work for its salvation, for such is both the Gospel and the mission of daily life.

HEALING MEDIUMS.
The Spiritualist utilitarian has already asked why are there no more healing mediums, considering the good that can be done by and through their instrumentality? This, like all general questions, will admit of lengthy and varied discussion before the answer is found, and therefore we will not attempt the explanation at this time. Still the claims of the healing medium, no less than the claims made by, and the facts developed, through him or her, invest this class with peculiar importance, since their mission is not to minister to the curiosity of the frivolous, nor cater for the sentimentalist, but to "heal the sick," and put them in a condition, by virtue of which they may henceforth enjoy the blessings of life—Spiritual and temporal. It is worthy of note, therefore, to those who are watching and studying the order of this unfolding of Spirit power, that as yet the healing medium is not so commonly developed as the other phases of mediumship. Nor can the claim of *Spiritism* be made for many of the facts that seem to authorize the assumption of mediumship in this department, since the healing efficacy of mesmerism is too well known to be lost sight of. The facts presented, therefore, as proof of Spirit presence and power, by the healing medium, should have such characteristics as to separate them from the mesmeric, the psychological, the pathological, &c.; as without this distinction there is room for imposition, since nothing is easier than assumption. Beside this, if the facts of the healing medium have not some speciality in them, they can be of no authority in the discussion now pending between Spiritualism and Materialism.

We have cases in mind that warrant not only these, but may, on some other occasion, suggest further remarks, since the mistake, however honestly made, which converts the mesmeric into the Spiritual medium, can only retard the advent of knowledge and Spiritualization. Facts like the following, however, warrant the belief that the sick now, as in the life and ministry of Jesus and his Apostles, are cured by Spirit power, and the "lying on of hands."

A correspondent of the *Spiritual Universe* writes to that paper as follows:
For the past twelve months there have been in St. Louis some astonishing healing developments, in addition to the numerous philosophical manifestations that have been occurring for the past three years; and perhaps the general mind has been more particularly directed to the demonstrations of Spiritual power, as a remedial agent in the physical; world, than to any other of its beneficial

characteristics. And indeed, it begins to be apparent, that our healing mediums are yet to be as effective in the conversion of the masses to an acknowledgment of Spiritual agency in the affairs of earth. In a moral and philosophical point of view the skeptical mind is too apt to imagine some other hypothesis than the one claimed for our manifestations; but when they witness speedy eradication of disease, and perhaps the hand of death, as it were, arrested in its very grasp upon some beloved forms, even the most material are checked in their skepticism, and the "Angel Reflection" at last comes to the relief of most minds thus circumstanced.

A few months ago, before leaving St. Louis, I was myself raised from a bed of sickness, without the attendance of an earthly physician and the accustomed paraphernalia of the sick room, through the medium power of a lady residing in St. Louis—whose name would be familiar to all, if given, as she was one of the first developed in the West, and has been the means of effecting a vast deal of good to humanity. On reaching the hospitable mansion of her husband, I found there a young lady of our city, who is in every way, from her accomplishments and education, calculated to be an ornament to the most elevated circles. Connected with some of our wealthiest and most respectable families, she might successfully have filled the place in society her attainments so eminently qualified her for, but that disease, which too often in the present condition of earthly organizations, and seems to aim for the most shining marks, had seized her as its own; and, to all appearances, but a short time previous, an early grave was her destiny. For many years she had been the victim of a combination of diseases, and for seven months she had been almost entirely deprived of her eyesight, from the affection of her brain. Her physicians, after unremitting labor, pronounced her incurable; and her only consolation was in the reflection that her sufferings might be palliated, but not eradicated. At this juncture, she received the kind invitation of the brother and sister alluded to, to spend a short time with them, and test the efficacy of Spirit power. During the week I was confined to the house, this young lady returned home with renewed health, good eyesight, cheerful, grateful and happy—restored by the agency of the Angels in less than three weeks time. I do not give the names alluded to, for obvious reasons; but the facts are well known to many of our citizens.

About the period to which I have alluded, another healing medium was growing into general notice—Mr. John Scott—the fame of whose wonderful power has since extended far and near. And so numerous are the successful applications made to him, that a literal account thereof would seem almost fabulous. From fifty to one hundred and fifty per day, are operated upon by him—the most of them cured, but all more or less relieved. Among the diseases recently healed through the agency of his organism, is that of a *Cancer* of fifteen years duration, which had been unsuccessfully attended by a number of physicians both in Europe and America. When he first laid his hand, under the influence, on the cancer, the effect was as if caustic had been applied to the surface. He continued his attendance—the cancer gradually healing near the body, until it dropped off, leaving a sore of about an inch in diameter—which was also healed by the same process. And just before I left St. Louis on my present trip, a physician, who had previously declined taking the case on account of its supposed incurability, informed me that the cure was perfect. I was present also myself at Mr. Scott's rooms, the day before I left, and about fifty were in attendance, waiting to be healed—like those of old, at the pool of Bethesda.

But perhaps I have been sufficiently lengthy for one letter, and shall close in a few words. Thus, brother, in various ways are the Spirits aiming in the West, as well as in all portions of our widely-extended country, to manifest their interest in humanity; and thus, notwithstanding the immense tide of opposition setting against the cause of Spiritual Redemption, are the Angels leading minds to ponder and reflect.

Yours, in the cause of Truth,
THOS. GALES FORBSTER.

POPULAR ISSUES AND SPIRITUAL PROGRESS.
The signs of the times are so full of promise, that he who runs can read—old things are passing away, and all things are becoming new. Whether the new in all cases is desirable, or like to be permanent, are questions we cannot now stop to discuss. The fact, however, that the public mind is rapidly growing anxious as to the nature of the facts and the tendency of the philosophy of Spiritualism, and in one form or another is determined to have both discussed, is evidence that the truths of Spirit intercourse are coming home to the consciousness of the race. Naturally enough, the first efforts of the advocates for popular dogmas are crude, declamatory and in most cases unfair, but the fact that discussion in any form comes from such quarters is of immense significance. For instance, Bishop Hopkins of Vermont, has of late been on a visit to his brethren of the South, and while at St. Louis delivered a lecture on Spiritualism, the gist of which may be gathered from the following—

The Bishop "holds that in all ages there have been manifestations of the Prince of Darkness; as witness the miracles of the magicians of Egypt; the afflictions of Job; the temptation of Christ; the varied forms of witchcraft, sorcery and incantations—necromancy, oracles, and astrology. The present manifestations, he has no doubt, are 'devices of the devil' to propagate infidelity. He insists that the devil has, at different times, received the worship of men under different names; as Isis and Osiris, as Moloch and Ashtaroth, as Jupiter, and Juno, and Neptune, as Thor and Wodin, and the innumerable throng of heathen gods, all of whom St. Paul calls by their right names—devils; and that those Spiritualists are nothing more or less than devil worshippers."

This looks scholar-like and may be orthodox, but it will not explain facts in the nineteenth century. We have no issue to make with the Bishop or his references, but we can assure him, and those of like "faith," that he will not pass for the personification of wisdom, among those who know whereof they affirm, and can testify to what they have seen of the manifestations of Spiritualism. We rejoice, however, that the Bishop has stooped from "his high sphere," to notice the "devil worshippers," since his denunciation of them, invests the facts of their faith and philosophy with an importance that must appeal to, and stimulate the curiosity of human nature.

Our debt of obligation is next due to Dr. Edward H. Parker, of the New York Medical College, for his lecture on "Witchcraft," which was delivered to a large and attentive auditory at the Mercantile Library, for the benefit of the CHARITY FUND of the Protestant Episcopal Brotherhood of New York." We extract this information from the *Daily Tribune* of Dec. 5th, as it may explain the *Charita-*

bis, (7) *Modest*, (7) and eminently *Episcopal* Spirit, that pervades the following extract. We copy from the *Tribune*:—

The Doctor commenced by alluding to the natural tendency of the mind to step beyond the material, and strive to grasp the mysteries of the Spirit world. The giant intellects among the ancients such as Plato, Socrates and Cicero devoted a great portion of their lives to speculations on the probabilities of a future state. Allied to this propensity to investigate the higher forms of immateriality, is that far inferior if not lowest mental development termed superstition, which discovers perverse Spirits in the shape of decrepid old women. The belief which prevailed in Europe in the realities of Witchcraft was derived from several sources—such as the rights of the Druids, the classic lore of the Franks, and the wandering fancies of the more Eastern nations. Witchcraft flourished chiefly between the beginning of the fourteenth and the close of the seventeenth centuries. The witches of that period were supposed to be the agents of Satan, dealing in noxious herbs, occasioning pestilence and famine, haunting the dreams, and possessing power over the lives of their fellow-mortals. With few exceptions the belief in their existence was universal. Shakespeare adhered in part to popular notions in the witches of his poetical creation, but endowed them with far greater dignity and refinement. After describing at some length the human manifestations of the witchcraft of the past, the doctor came down to the witchcraft of the present—Spiritualism. A parallel, he said, may be instituted between the two with very little advantage to the latter. We have no witchcraft now to stick invisible pins into the sides of superstitious people, or to assume the form of a cat, or to breed a murrain among the cattle; but we have modern necromancers who advertise their skill to foretell events, to reproduce the past, and to cure refractory diseases. The doctor proceeded to discuss Spiritualism in a scientific and unmerciful style, admitting its connection with certain physical results to be as yet capable of no satisfactory explanations."

This, too, is scholar-like and orthodox, for it smacks of *medicine* as well as *theology*. We regret very much the reporter did not publish the "scientific" part of the lecture, as it must have been a curiosity. We hope the reader will not forget that the doctor was lecturing for a charitable purpose, when he was thus discussing Spiritualism, "in a scientific and an unmerciful style," for it will enable him to appreciate the christian character of the Doctor and his Brotherhood.

To these, other popular issues might be added, but all is implied in the above two extracts, for history has been ransacked in order to vindicate a materialistic theology, and caricature Spiritualism. Nevertheless is gaining strength, and making converts daily, and is otherwise instrumental in awakening an interest in, and calling attention to the Spiritual Literature and Philosophy of the past. The last issue of the *New Jerusalem Messenger*, informs us that "a desire to know something of Swedenborg and his writings seems to pervade nearly every class in the community. The phenomena of Spiritualism are probably contributing something to this inquiring state of the public mind." Beside this testimony, the lecture on the first page of this paper, is convincing proof, that the genius of Spiritualism is reformatory in character, constructive in Spirit, and eminently friendly to the teachings and Religion of Jesus. The editor of the *Evening Post* in noticing the lecture of Mr. Beswick, says:

"It will be perceived by the readers of his discourse, that Mr. Beswick is a disciple of Swedenborg. The most prominent features of his theory are, that our Spirits during life are in constant association with those of the departed, and that when, as in the cases mentioned in the Bible, the senses of the Spirit are opened in the Spirit-world at the same time that the bodily senses are opened, the phenomena and objects of both worlds will be seen, heard and felt at the same time. This he speaks of as the first law of our being, and applies to every Spiritual manifestation narrated in the Bible."

This leads him to maintain that heaven and hell do not refer to time and place, but condition—that they are within us, and not without us.

For the Christian Spirit-Universalist.

SPIRITUALITY A SCIENCE.
It will be readily conceded, that it is no difficult thing to cloak, with seeming truth, and every fair appearance of reason, any hypothesis that may be assumed, especially, may one of this reconde nature be rendered very plausible and consistent by the skillful sophist. On the other hand, it is very difficult, even after a theory becomes reducible and comprehensive, to make it cover the whole ground, embrace the entire subject. Attempt to reason upon, or to explain any fact in creation, and doubt soon will you find yourself in a labyrinth of doubt and perplexity, from which, a thread a thousand fold more magical than that of Rosamond, could never guide you.

You may handle them at your pleasure, using them in connection with, or in elucidation of other facts, but the comprehension, analization thereof, is not to be attained by any, even the profoundest and most extensive researcher of science.

How inexplicable are the enigmas of our creation! How mysterious the contingencies by which our life has been invested! How utterly incomprehensible, although so often the arbiters of our destiny, ever our masters, until we wrestle them into subjection, or outtrace them. Would not our control become indisputable and illimitable, once we could look quite through and around them, once we could trace effects to constituting causes, and causes to effects. And this proclivity of the human soul, this strength, dominion, power, which was at first embodied in Adam, and descended from him to his posterity, brightening, intensifying, beautifying all the way down, is what Paul denominates "the brightness of the Father's glory."

If through the long lapse of ages, from the first man, from the first germ of that far off, dimly recognized generation, down to the glorious present, the soul has all the while experienced nothing but growth, expansion, perfection; how are we to escape the most direct and analogical conclusion, that such is its glorious destiny?

I linger on this point, because once established, it becomes a fixed star in the firmament of thought, a nucleus around which other facts may gather. The omniscience of the soul, its immortality, omnipotency, individuality. "If knowledge is power," and that it is so, is proved by every incident of time, by every reference to every faculty and capacity of the human soul, then how much, how infinitely greater is the power back of this, the arbiter, director, supporter thereof. The simple fact of the dominion exercised by man over all beneath him, proves that he has the power not only to obtain, but to exert, retain, and profit by the same. Thus again, "the brightness of the Father's glory!"—And yet again, Oh! how exhaustless is the subject! If, as the Bible expressly declares, man is made in the image of God; "in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them;" or as Paul has it, "not only in the express image of his person, but the brightness of his exceeding

glory." How is it possible then, that he should lack either wisdom or understanding for the completion and perfection of his being? Is there not, indeed, an infinity of power to which the soul might attain? The fact that from the creation, nothing has ever been lost, but that the increase has been in a direct and certain ratio, proving as it does, the capacity of the soul not only to retain, but to enlarge, intensify and perfect its own, is a confirmation of the assumption.

Again, the aspiration of the Spirit after the Infinite, the reaching upwards of the white hands of its immortality toward the highest and the holiest, is another proof of the consistency of my position! And yet again, that still more significant and beautiful attribute of the soul, that no matter how elevated or holy the sentiment, or divine the conception that may be born unto it, at once and forever it recognizes it as its own, nurturing, loving, and reverencing it with no sense of unworthiness or unfitness, and however high may be the attainment, or the aim unattained, it instinctively and unflatteringly regards that as its home. And this leads us to another postulate of a still deeper nature. Is the soul under any circumstances a creator? Does it originate, or only resemble, model or modify? Is it entire, perfect in itself, or but a part, a fragmentary creation? If the former, if it be a whole, why then evermore forever, must it be acting upon every fragmentary Spirit, an equalizing, harmonizing agent. If it be conceded that one soul in a thousand, or a thousand million even, ever did or can create to itself, or originate any, even the most insignificant idea or thing, the hypothesis is at once firmly established, and all souls are to a greater or lesser extent creators! And who shall limit the extent or quality of these creations? Where are the limitations? In the soul itself? Is it not the arbiter of its own destiny?—Can it not ascend as high as its aspirations will reach, become as great as it is capable of conceiving, as strong as its own powers of endurance, possessing all the wisdom, glory and honor, it can catch even the faintest glimpses of? Hence is it, that knowledge is better than intellect, and intuition better than either. It is not however, that a soul is intellectually great, that its intuitions are faint, its perceptions slow and uncertain, but that it is only exclusively intellectual. "Men stand like trees," in one position, the sun on the one side, and the winds on the other, cause an unequal growth, and we find reason in strong branches spreading, feeling all dwarfed and stunted, others again all feeling, without strength or proportion.—There is a tendency to extremes in the nature of man, and hence the reason why "with the endowments of an angel, he is so often a fool," why the glorious image of God, in which he is created, is so often debased and degraded, and the brightness of that exceeding glory, so dimmed and obscured.—Why the Godlike powers within him are all dormant and neglected. The perfect man, harmoniously and fully developed, is proportionate with no redundancy, no deficiency, even as God is perfect; as emphatically great as he is good; strong as he is tender, wise, as he is lovely, and just as he is merciful!

X. J. C.

PRESENTIMENT OF DEATH.
Whatever argument the skeptic may use in his zeal to deprive Spiritualism of the *presumptive evidence* which it finds in, and gets from the phenomena of "Warning," "Drawing," and "Presentiment," each must be fatal alike to his logic and his conclusions.

The facts and marvels that cluster round these departments of life, are no less opposed to the philosophy of Materialism, though explained away ever so cleverly, by the *imputed* authority of Psychology, Trance, or Clairvoyance, since, for the most part, the intelligence evinced in each of these states, is independent of the senses and exceptional to the philosophy of general experience.

The following from the N. Y. correspondent of the *Boston Journal* will illustrate this. It may be remembered by the reader, that the Rev. Dr. Bullard, of St. Louis, was killed at the recent terrible accident on the Pacific Railroad, alluding to which, the writer says:—

"Rev. Dr. Beeman, of Troy, N. Y., on Sunday last preached a sermon on the subject, and gave some details of the final interview with Dr. Bullard, which will interest your readers. The new and elegant church erected by the society, of which Dr. Bullard was the pastor, was dedicated one week ago last Sunday. Rev. Dr. Beeman was present at the dedication and preached. On the following Monday, the great excursion was to take place on the Railroad to Jefferson City, so long in progress, which had been finally completed. Invitations were extended to the citizens of St. Louis, and to Drs. Bullard and Beeman. Dr. Beeman accepted the invitation, as did Dr. Bullard. But the daughter of Dr. Beeman refused to go; she was anxious to return home, and to her urgent solicitation her father yielded, and on the morning of the fatal excursion he and his daughter took the conveyance for the East. At the cars he took leave of Dr. Bullard, who said to Dr. Beeman, 'Farewell, we shall never meet again in this world.' 'Oh yes we shall,' said Dr. Beeman, 'I may visit the West again, or you may visit the East.' With great solemnity Dr. Bullard replied, 'I have a strong presentiment, Brother Beeman, that we shall never meet again—farewell.' And so they separated, the one to his home and parish, the other to the awful death awaiting him only a few hours ahead. Death swung his red lantern on the track and 'destruction wasted at noon-day.'"

The following cases are from the *Buffalo Republic* of Nov. 24th, and must have been of recent occurrence. So that all, who are in any way skeptical as to the facts, can write to the editor for further evidence.

PRESENTIMENTS.—A lady of our acquaintance came from a party late one evening, and proceeded to her dressing room. It was intensely hot weather, and as she laid aside her outer garment, she fancied the air of the room was exceedingly close. Every window was open, yet still that faint odor was perceptible, and very objectionable. All at once she went towards a lounge, but had hardly seated herself before she was seized with a fit of trembling, so violent that she became alarmed.

She immediately hurried to the chamber of her little son, where the air seemed clearer, and sat down with him until she felt better. She then returned to the room, thinking she would merely rest on the outside of her bed; but no sooner had she touched it than she again encountered a shock of the nerves, added to a horror that almost overpowered her.

Scarcely knowing what she did, she sent for a male friend (she was alone). Two persons came immediately, and going to the chamber, the door was found fastened on the inside. It was burst open. Marks of great hurry were observable—a long, sharp-bladed knife lay under the couch, and the search ended in the discovery of a huge, murderous negro, who had concealed himself to rob, perhaps to kill. The lady had in her room a large sum of money.

The second case was related by a gentleman. A friend, who had not been for years out of his own house later than ten, was induced to stay with him till after twelve. His friend had also left for his inspection a very curious knife, which he had bought at auction, and on which he had just marked the initials of his name. After he was gone, our narrator pondered on the strangeness of the circumstance. He thought how singular it was that a man so generally punctual should so far infringe upon his unvarying rules. But soon he grew drowsy and sought the bed, but the moment he laid down he seemed to hear the click of a pistol, and started up, wide awake. He searched every part of the room as he thought, and again he was assayed to lie down. Click, as he imagined, went the pistol again. Covered with perspiration, with the feeling very vivid and horrible, he sprang on the floor the second time and stood there, when there came such a terror over him that he hurried from the chamber, calling for help.

In a moment help came. No one was there, but a pistol had fallen by the window, which was thrown open, and groans were heard outside. Looking down a height of forty feet, a quivering body could be seen by moonlight. The would-be assassin had sprung therefrom rather than be taken, and probably not estimating the distance.

Now, but for this impression, so strong as to defy even the most minute search, (the thief was hidden between the bed and the wall,) the gentleman would probably have been murdered, the knife left by his friend identified, and (the circumstance of his habits universally known,) considered sufficient proof of his guilt, and he a most estimable man and citizen, would in his innocence have expiated his evident crime by a most violent and disgraceful death.

MR. JOEL TIFFANY'S LECTURES.
Since last we had occasion to notice the labors of this gentleman, we have enjoyed the pleasure of listening to two of the three lectures he has delivered at the Stuyvesant Institute, in both of which, he fully sustained his reputation as a reasoner and a logician. Our interest in Mr. Tiffany's lectures, however, do not spring from either of these, so much as from the fact that he has thought for himself, and passed through the *crystal* stages of *anal* and denunciation, phases of mental awakening, common to narrow minds and partially developed Spirits.

Life to him is rounded by thought and harmonized by the divinity of Spiritual culture, for he sees *use, beauty, and religion* underlying and outspringing from the various phases of mentality, through which the *race* must pass in its march of intellectual, moral and Spiritual progress. Mr. T. is an earnest, logical and positive thinker, explaining his thoughts to the attentive listener rather than an eloquent speaker; a man honestly in *love* with wisdom, and doing his best to interest and educate the mind, rather than a rhetorician or an elocutionist.

Such to our thinking is the external address of this gentleman, who proposes to give us a course of twelve lectures, on the various phases of Spiritualism into and through which the mind is likely to pass in its search for "light more light still." And if the first lecture is significant of the Course, the success of the undertaking may be considered a fixed fact, for the number present as well as the *interest* that accompanied the lecturer were alike complimentary to Spiritualism and the matter and spirit of Mr. Tiffany's lecture.

In order, however, to make success *successful*, we hope every Spiritualist, who can, will come out to these lectures, as they promise to be interesting and instructive in an eminent degree.

Aside of these lectures, however, it is nearly time we made a change in our lecturing system, so as to enable thinkers and students, as well as *mediums*, who may come among us, to stay and give course, instead of one or two lectures, since isolated and detached thoughts, however brilliant in conception and happy in expression, tend more to form loose and fragmentary habits of analization and thought, than consistent and well sustained methods of reasoning.

We sincerely hope, therefore, that this first effort will be sustained, and in such a way as to reflect credit on the Spirit of the age, and the cause of mental and Spiritual illumination, that it may be made, as it were, the "first fruits" of many efforts of a like character.

We are earnest in this hope, as there has been a large sufficiency of time spent in discussing the *idiosyncrasies*, skeptical, theoretical, and otherwise of persons during debate, *mistaking* such efforts for examinations into, and explanations of the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism.

The next lecture in the course will be given on Friday evening, at the Stuyvesant Institute, commencing at half-past seven o'clock. The lectures to be continued every Tuesday and Friday evenings. *Admittance 10 cents.*

POST OFFICE DEFALCATIONS.
LETTERS.—The past year's experience makes it necessary that we say to our friends and subscribers, we can no longer be responsible for *boxes* sent us, without the same is registered, since the Post Office is no longer reliable in the ordinary way. We have lost money and time, the latter in looking after the former more than we can afford, or is at all necessary, if the clerks and agents at the Post Office did their duty.

EXCHANGES.—We are unable to account for the irregular appearance of some of our "exchanges" and the length of time others stay away, on any other ground than a want of fidelity on the part of the members of the Post Office, since we have no positive statement from some of our editorial Board, that the papers are mailed. When letters and papers are mailed, and they do not reach their destination, *curiosity*, if no deeper motive prompts the question—what becomes of them?

We pass this question to those interested in the reform of the general government, since there seems to be no department more in need of examination and correction than that which takes charge of, and promises to transmit to us our letters and papers, and does not.

We suggest, therefore, to some of the political aspirants of the age, the propriety of making this department a *speciality* in the next campaign, as we feel confident the editorial *fraternity* will all progress, and say "reform it altogether."

GONE TO THE SPIRIT WORLD.
Passed from the earth life to the Spiritual, Nov. 26th, at the age of eight years, nine months and twenty-six days, Zelia Augusta, only child of Dr. A. C. Stiles, of Bridgeport, Conn. She was a lovely child, beloved by all who knew her, possessed of an amiable disposition, with a mind much in advance of her age; and though a child, her love for the Spiritual was paramount to that of the natural. "Too good on earth to live, she dwells in heaven."

For the Christian Spiritualist.
THE SPIRITUAL MUSE.
We presented last week a poem, with no pretensions to artistic merit, but breathing the martyr spirit of a brave and true heart. "The Death of Socrates" may indicate that this Spirit is confined to no outward forms; since, in every age, Truth has found witnesses and advocates, who have perished all in his defence. "The Autumnal Guest" is a still deeper and more perfect lyrical inspiration. It seemed, we are told, for many days to haunt the mind of the medium; as if sung in the spirit of his Spirit. This poem first appeared in the columns of the *Telegraph*, and is republished here at the special request of a friend, on whose Spirit its strange, wild melody fell like unknown airs from the Better Land.

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES.
He died, that hero of the soul,
As if to sleep the brave—
A victim to the Olympian goal
That shines beyond the grave.
Death came, with trembling hand, to pour
The draught that bade him bring,
And turned and knelt his face before—
A slave before his king.
He sat and watched the dawn sublime
Of Heaven's eternal day;
He saw the fading mists of time
For light exhale away.
His soul renewed its glorious youth,
And they who saw him die,
No more might doubt the blessed truth
Of immortality.
It thus the sage of Athens died,
How calm should we depart,
Whose souls are quickened by the tide
Of life from God's own heart!
He of the Athenian's dying bed
Such heavenly glory shone,
How should our hearts be comforted
When Jesus calls us home!

THE AUTUMNAL GUEST.
The crown from the forehead of Summer
Had dropt; the dim woodlands were sere,
When there entered our home a Strange Comer,
Afar from the Kingdom of Fear,
In the mystical fall of the year.
He darkened our doors, and the hours
Once opening like myrtles in bloom,
Were blighted as if they were flowers
That dropt in the shade of the tomb—
That wither and die in its gloom.
There came to our cheeks a strange pallor,
Our words grew unfrequent and low,
But one of our number with valor,
Smiled sweet on that terrible foe,
As the rose on the cold falling snow.
My star of the night and the morning,
My joy and my beauty was she,
Then came to my heart a forewarning,
A blast from the Winter to be,
The Winter that waiteth in me;
And I know that my Kingdom of Summer
Must fade, and its crown disappear.
Oh! pitiless grew that Dread Comer,
Afar from the Kingdom of Fear,
In the desolate fall of the year.
Strange that hearts can love on after breaking!
At midnight my darling was dead;
Her bosom had rest from its aching—
Fond bosom her babies that fed;
Pure bosom that pillowed my head.
A grave beneath the pines for my keeping,
He left me, that sorrowful Guest;
A soul that is weary with weeping,
A World that in shadow is drest,
A life that is wild with unrest.
No more, never more to behold her!
I wake by degrees to my loss;
I feel the cold world growing colder;
On sorrow's dear ocean I toss;
I feel 'neath the load of my cross.
Yethigh in the Infinite Summer,
Beyond the pale Kingdom of Fear,
God's Angels have crowned a New Comer;
She smiles from her beautiful sphere;
She calls me—the morning is near!

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]
NOTES BY THE WAY.
NO. XIX.
WESTLEY, Nov. 25th, 1855.
BROTHER TOOLEY: I intended in my last to have given you the following interesting item. After my second lecture in New London, a gentleman came and cordially greeted me, and narrated to me a circumstance of Healing by Spirit influence, without the agency of an earthly medium. The person healed was his father; who, deeming it a work of a Divine character, inscribed it in his family Bible. The following is the *verbatim* record referred to:
"In the month of October, 1802, I was taken ill with what is called the 'Camp Distemper'—when I considered my recovery doubtful. While in this situation, my mind was impressed in regard to my future destiny; and I heard a voice speaking unto me, saying: 'Thus saith the Lord: the house of Samuel shall never be taken from the earth;' and I felt, as it were, two hands making passes from my chest downwards; and immediately I was restored to health. This I write, knowing its truth; and leave it with my children."
(Signed), SAMUEL WHIPPLE.
The present owner of the Bible containing the record, is his son—now residing in Mystic, Conn. Another instance of independent healing, occurred in the case of a young lady, with whose parents I have had the pleasure to become acquainted. I am not at liberty to give the name for public insertion, but I hereby hand it to you, that you may give it to individuals who may require it.
The young lady some months since, received a severe injury in the wrist, by a railroad accident, which ultimately in mortification and the falling out of the flesh—leaving a large opening, entirely round the wrist. This was regularly dressed every day for her, with the greatest nicety and exactness, by her Spirit-friends; who speedily wrought a perfect cure. Whatever they used in this dressing, cannot be conjectured; but its fragrance was of the most delightfully odoriferous character—as the odor of flowers. Each dressing was performed on her wrist when alone and undisturbed; and her father is ready to attest the fact. The former part of the past week I continued my labors in Mystic and Greenmanville, and left on the morning of Wednesday to visit Stonington, where I was very warmly received by Brother Pearce. On the evening of my arrival I lectured in a hall, to a more numerous audience than the stormy state of the weather warranted me to expect. On the three following evenings, also, I lectured in the same place; and left, through the kindness of Brother T. Brown, for Westley—*alias* Pargatuck—on Sunday morning. There I lectured three times during the day—which was very unfavorable for a large attendance, partly on ac-

count of the blueness of the people, and partly the unpropitious state of the weather. It was with the greatest difficulty that a place was procured for me to speak in. There is a Union meeting-house here, professedly free to all denominations, and which the committee having it in charge have, and do often, let out for exhibitions and Jim Crow performances of all kinds; and some other purposes, as I have been told, of much more evil tendency. But for discourses on Spiritual truths, they refuse to open the doors. I called, with Brother Collins, on Edward W. Babcock, who treated me in such an *impertinent and insulting* manner, as no gentleman would treat another, however widely they might differ in religious truth. May he be led to appreciate the Divine Law of Love; and then he will "do to others as he would have them do unto him." God bless friend Babcock, and give him a *Christian's* heart. The people on this side the Thames, so far as this place, are not yet prepared to understand their reciprocal duties. They are willing to receive, but they do not impart in return, as they should. Yet I would recommend that my brother-laborers should not pass them by on *any account*; but come, when they come, prepared to sacrifice their time and labor, only for the reward of doing good. Time will alter conditions. He who labors only for earthly reward, and who is not prepared to sacrifice himself for the good of others, is unworthy to be an Apostle of the New Dispensation.

I have been entertained here by Brother Dr. Farnham and Mr. Hall; and, having concluded my labors here, I leave this afternoon for Kingston. And, till another week has rolled over, I now say, Farewell! merely adding that, by arrangement with the Committee of Stuyvesant Institute, in your city, I shall lecture there on the last two Sundays in December.

Yours, for Truth and Humanity,
JNO. MATTHEW.

For the Christian Spiritualist.
CUSTOM IS KING.
What now! Is the old man mad? Has the philosopher become fool? Sad reflection! O! Franklin, has thy second childhood burst thus suddenly upon thee? Engaged in boyish sports! Thou, whose imperishable wisdom, has opened a path of light to thy admiring countrymen, and whose name is written in letters of unquestionable fire, wherever science has ventured her progressive foot-prints! To be thus fallen!
Kite flying! Surely, Franklin is mad!
Yes, the philosopher was mad; mad, to those, who know no sanity but that allied to self-esteem; and comprehend wisdom, only when dressed in dignified apparel. Philosophy in rags—Science in unfashionable attire—Truth in the manger. These are disgusting sights—incomprehensible to popular thinkers.
The king's folly is wisdom to this class. The court's licentiousness, fashionable consistency, before which modesty must interpose no blush, and religion no reprimand.
The world of fashion has its *utopia*, and its doges reveal no greater lessons of homage than that offered up—yes, even by popular science, to this most relentless of tyrants.
The progressive spirit is mad. What but a mad man would dare any other than the common beaten track? The adventurer is a confirmed mad man. The free thinker is a dangerous fellow—beware of him! As you value your stereotyped ideas and popular landmarks, shun him!
Yes, the philosopher was mad in the world's eye. Kite flying was a strange past-time for an old man, and a philosopher. But when, as a result of that simple beginning, the fury of that lightning was quelled, and the riotous elements made to keep the peace, when the demon of the storm was checked in his fury, a change came over the spirit of the popular dreamer, and the old man grew in magnitude, until the world from its most distant points, yea, even kings and princes, could behold and worship his greatness.
The world has had many such mad men. Christ and his fishermen followers were mad. Copernicus and Galileo were mad—Harvey and Fulton were mad. And the line is not yet extinct. The present era is wrapped with just such restless, dauntless, prying Spirits, who would not hesitate to tear from Heaven's face the curtain which obscures its realities from the mortal eye.
They are the light of the world, the hope of the age. We would rather see the world one vast heresy, than behold what is most to be deplored, universal subservience. Commotion is the forerunner of health. Stagnation is death. Better the storm king ride in terror upon the great waters than dire contagion sweep the earth of its life power. The placid lake is pretty to the gaze, but the tempest's black wings are fruitful of health, and without them the world would be soon overshadowed with a pall of decay and death.
A silly architect was he, who began the fulfillment of his daring contract, by raising his little kite. Higher and higher she mounts—*glide her more thread*. See her now, like a speck in mid heaven! To the light thread, he joins the small twine. Higher still she mounts! Then comes the *whip cord*—then the *lighter rope*—then the *wire cable*. What now! Ah! the problem is solved! The admiring world is dumb with astonishment, as high over Niagara's roaring waters, "like a thing of life, the aerial craft springs!"
Yes—*Custom is King*. Science bows its august head to this shapeless monster, with as much complacency as the Catholic to his crucifix. Religion is his court-fool, ready at his beck and call, to sanctify the ridiculous and the unholy; and Truth dejected and broken in spirit by his threatening proclamations and past injustice, trembles like a subjugated peasant at his footstool.
Shall we longer submit? Up brothers! The glad time is coming! Light is breaking! Our deliverer is at hand! The tocsin of liberty is sounding! Be firm—be true to thyself and to truth, and all will yet be well! We point to the redemption from this debasing thralldom and in the inspiring atmosphere of Truth will be free and happy.
Guard carefully this promising Zion. Be jealous to all intrusions of the evil one—though he come garbed as an angel of light—beware of him! Selfishness has destroyed more than one of Heaven's efforts at man's redemption. Let it not destroy this. The monster is in our midst. Throttle him ere he becomes formidable. It is easier to clear an acre of saplings than to fell the giant oak. Look around thee—be not weary with watching. The moment of confidence is the moment of danger.
A. C. McC.

Philadelphia, Nov. 24, 1855.
PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.
The warmth with which the advocates of the Christian Religion defend their theory, and the practical use they make of its doctrines, bear no parallel. Their views correspond with their internal conceptions of right and wrong, therefore they are inefficient to enforce their own teachings. They seek to become acquainted with the principles of God's government, and yet overlook the most important law which he has instituted, viz: "Love one another." In their professions of faith they assume the right to judge all mankind, and condemn or exonerate from blame those who disagree or agree with them in their opinions.
The toleration which their Master enjoined upon them is never called into exercise. They consider it their duty to impinge all who doubt the truthfulness of their position. Unlike their Leader they refuse to allow him who casts out devils in Jesus' name, and follows not after them, to work the miracle of love and mercy. They deplore the loss of Spirituality in the Church, but neglect the means which will restore it to their embrace. They set aside the weightier matters of the law, and seek to make atonement thereby by substituting the trivial performance of foolish ceremonies. Forgetting the principles of love and justice, they claim to be the lights of the world.
In their lives they exhibit the darkness of passion, error and superstition, mingled with so much ostentatious display that their hypocrisy is made the more conspicuous and revolting. Thus they publish their own shame and disgrace. Denying all the practical teachings of Jesus, they attempt to gloss over their religious duty with the smooth sophistry of imputed righteousness. Admitting the necessity of pure lives and holy examples, they do not attempt to reach the standard which they acknowledge is just, wise and attainable.
The Christian condemns the world, and the world condemns the Christian.
What is to be done? What is to be the result of this counter antagonism? Who shall arise and decide between the two? In which lies the greater morality? Which has been the most instrumental in saving souls from sin and pollution? Numbers and names do not constitute virtues. If the Church in its present condition could number the whole universe, would the universe be saved thereby from wretchedness and misery, from want and oppression? No; for too well it is known that churchmen oppress the poor and bind the weak. Then, of what benefit would it be to the world if all were within the pale of Church membership? Some slight changes would occur, but would the principles of true love animate every breast?
The little child of Simplicity in the Church is spurned by the wealthy giant of Pride and Popularity. Where then is the reformation in converting the world to the present state of Christian civilization?
Jesus would not be able to distinguish his professed followers to-day by the name which they bear should he return to claim his subjects. His pure eye perceives no difference between one enshrined within the heart of the Church and one in the battle of the world, were each in the same sphere of life and action.
The principles which govern His kingdom are justice and truth. This government was and is administered through him in all its justice-loving exactness. Mary, His mother, could not receive from her son more than the share due to her merit.
Scrupulously exact was he in all his judgments; and where are his disciples in their imitation of his faithfulness? No darker stigma can be heaped upon a people or sect than this—that they follow not themselves!
Here then lies the reason why Christianity has not purified its believers, and why it has not leavened the whole world. Why should Angels leave their homes to herald in a Saviour's birth, if that Saviour was incompetent to redeem the world. Is there not sufficient truth in the world to redeem it if it was only practised? Then what can a new era do toward effecting this object unless those who live in that era, obey the principles taught by Jesus? Wherein will they produce a change more permanent than has already been attempted?
It is impossible for the world to become reformed till these truths are made practical. If Spiritualists desire to outdo, outshine and out-sphere the Christian in his efforts and success, he must do it, through the *one* way only—*practise*! The Spiritualist, even now, while denying the pretension of the Christian, has begun to follow in his footsteps. He likewise teaches purity in heart, and love in spirit, but forgetteth to practice them. He is found wanting in all those great fundamental truths, which he so zealously promulgates, and for the lack of which he so indignantly condemns the Christian.
This is the truth. Do not despise it. We do not wish to extenuate or censure the actions or conduct of any, but we wish to point the Spiritualist to the rock on which he has wrecked the Christian faith, and bid him take warning. We ask him kindly and affectionately to pause ere he condemns the Christian for his inconsistencies, and tolerate him in his apostasy, even as did Jesus forgive and compassionate the blind and deceitful generation who were his enemies.
We would suggest to the Spiritualist that he love his enemy—the Christian, and moreover that he seek not his own good, but another's—that he would direct his labors of love and mercy, compassionating his condition, and perseveringly endeavoring to reclaim him from his wanderings. The great Apostle said, "I count not my life dear to me, if so be, I can win unto Christ." Then let the Spiritualist also forget his own life in bringing to Christ, *Christ's* own, for whom he came, to seek and to save.
Let him be softened towards the offending Christian, and pity his deplorable state, and that he may not become like him, dead and cold in good works humble instead of seeking to exalt himself over those less highly favored.
But we are not prone to dictate, therefore only counsel and advise. We point to the Lamb of God as the sure ensign of liberty. We erect a standard on Zion's Hill. We destroy it not, but invite all to rally around it, and to raise it higher so that all nations shall behold its white flag floating o'er sea and land, and all Heaven shall rejoice in the knowledge of the sight, that all people are redeemed beneath its freedom.
E. E. G.

THE LAST REFUGE OF SKEPTICISM.
The Yates County *Whig*, published in Penn Yan, N. Y., Nov. 29, informs us that:
On Sunday last a large and respectable audience assembled at Washington Hall, and was addressed by Mr. George Jackson, a Spiritual Medium residing at Prattsburg. Mr. Jackson came here under the auspices of S. A. Johnson, Esq., and Dr. J. W. Potter of Prattsburg, who are well known Spiritualists of that place. The Medium in the delivery of the address purported to be under the control of Rev. Thomas Scott, a deceased Episcopal clergyman of New Orleans.
The address was exceedingly chaste and beautiful in diction, and elevated in sentiment; though by no means fully orthodox in doctrine, according to the most popular standard of the day. It

was evidently the work of no inferior mind. Aside from its denunciation of sects, and its heterodox propositions it could but be generally admired.
The Medium is but a boy, of quite limited intellectual cultivation. The conclusion to which we are driven, therefore, is, that he repeated admirably well what was committed to memory, or his doctrine of Spiritual influx is true. If true, it is a truth of great magnitude. If false, it is a skillfully-managed imposition.
"Committed to memory!" This we call the last refuge of skepticism—for in the Gospel of Doubt seeing nor hearing is not believing, for materialism ultimates and culminates in moral skepticism and spiritual death.
We can hardly conceive the necessity, however, for such a skeptical manifestation as the above, since speaking mediums are now numbered by thousands and tens of thousands in this country.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.
THE NORTH WESTERN ORIENT.
This somewhat ambiguous heading is the title of a 'Monthly Miscellany,' just started in Waukegan, Ill., which is to be conducted by a committee of Spiritualists. It is published in book form, and contains forty-six pages of well assorted and well printed matter. The articles of the present number, for the most part, are selections from other Spiritual publications, which we suppose to be consequent on the necessity of a "first number." Doubtless it is the intention of the "committee" to give a fair share of original matter in their after issues. The publication of the Orient is to be simultaneous in Chicago and Waukegan, and "its pages will be devoted to the cause of Reform, in every department," "to the dissemination of Useful Knowledge," and "to the several subjects embraced in the Harmonical Philosophy." The following from the "Prospectus" will give the necessary knowledge to all, who may wish to become better acquainted with the teachings of the Orient. The Prospectus says:
"Our readers will be kept posted upon the current events of the day in matters appertaining to Spirit intercourse, as being at this time exciting throughout this country and in Europe."
"Allegiance to men is treason to God, shall be our motto. While claiming our right to unrestricted liberty, we shall ever accord freedom to those who differ with us, and desire a place in our pages to set forth their sentiments, when candor, sincerity, courtesy and a moderate degree of ability shall characterize their efforts."
"Texts—One Dollar per annum, always in advance. It will be delivered at the Post Office to city subscribers, and mailed to the address of others."
"All letters must be addressed to Waukegan, Ill., October 24, 1855. J. N. BRUNDAGE, Publisher."

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, for December. New York: DIX & EDWARDS, 10 Park Place.
The contents of this number can hardly fail of interest to "any reasonable mind;" for there is fancy and sentiment for the imaginative. See "How I Came to be Married;" "On My Bed of a Winter Night;" "Hesperus;" "It Might Have Been;" and "The Lost Lamb;" with facts and figures for the practical in "The Armies of Europe"—(third and last article on the subject)—"About Niggers," and "Among the Mormons," (concluded). While analysis and criticism has charms for the esthetic, in "Longfellow's Song of Hiawatha," and "Thackeray as a Poet." The mirthful and fun-loving will laugh and grow—happy—at "The Virginia Springs;" should be fail of such pleasure, when "Living in the Country," contemplating "The Coming Session." While the anxiously excited and mystified many, will be consoled, in learning the nature and character of "Beneto Cerenio,"—for that exciting and well-written story is concluded. Besides these, there are other articles, which abound in descriptive scenes and facts in Natural History. And lastly, though by no means least, a well chosen collection of "Editorial Notes" on American and European literature. Take it all in all, it is a fit number to close the old volume; and inspire reasonable minds with a desire to subscribe for the new. Terms, \$3 a year.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW for October, New York: Published by LEONARD SCOTT & Co., 79 Fulton Street.
The catholicity, rationality, and practicality of this Review are so generally known, that the fault must rest with the fragmentary education of the people if it does not become, ere long, the Review of the age, for its contents usually interest and instruct the thoughtful reader, as the manner and matter of its articles have "that within, surpassing show." The current number is well worth the thoughtful attention of all interested in the great questions which underlie the issues of the age, as its articles have a general, if not a direct, bearing on the theologies and moralities of our popular civilization. Of special interest and importance are the articles "The Position of Women in Barbarism and among the Ancients," "Evangelical Teachings—Dr. Cumming," "Drunkenness not Curable by Legislation," and "The London Daily Press," as they contain many plain truths and much desirable good sense, which are timely contributions to the controversial issues of the age. "Theism," "Marens Tullius Cicero," and the notices of "Contemporary Literature," are of a metaphysical and critical character, but no less worthy the attention of the lover of truth, or the observer of progress.

For the Christian Spiritualist.
SCRAPS.
The great mission of Jesus was to teach and exemplify the necessity of suffering—the sovereign virtue of Death. Death to ourselves, death to the world, death to everything external is necessary, in order that Love may beget in us the life of God. Even so Christ suffered—was tempted, was buffeted and spat upon; betrayed, by his own professed friend, to enemies who reviled, cursed and slew him; and thus in him was made perfect that fullness of the Godhead which he possessed, and thus He became the medium through whom the Eternal Love of the otherwise unrevealed Father—God was transmitted to the human race.
Love is the pivot on which life turns—the centre of that great wheel of circumstance which revolves eternally. It radiates from the heart of God, forming that grand circle which quickens the universe, and with its living, brooding principle, invests all forms with life, and joy, and harmony.

Some one remarked to me, that evil being agitated becomes greater. Even so—and it is agitated. God so removes evil from the earth. Do not thunder and lightning purify the air? So do moral thunder-bolts and fire of heaven make clean the Spiritual atmosphere, and abolish the impurities of society.
Do not the flowers grow when they drink in the rain-drops? So do virtues flourish when they are watered by tears.

The heart and flesh may fail, but the Spirit is untouched! I rise on Spiritual wings, when the intellect or the physical frame are overtaken. I forget that I am flesh, and the sweet airs of heaven are inbreathed in living draughts. Oh, life! Oh,

joy in life! that which is immortal and God-like in me can never weary nor decay.
Canst thou abolish an evil, simply by removing the indications thereof? As well mightst thou think by stopping thy watch to stop the march of time. In evils, as in tares, the root must be eradicated.
When we plant a hard cold seed in the ground, we hold it not a thing impossible that God should draw forth of it, by His warmth, and dew, and quickening power, a new plant, perfect in all that pertained to the decayed plant, from which the seed was taken.
But this is resurrection from the dead.
When we see a shapeless, lifeless ball, without beauty or apparent worth, hanging by a slender thread to some leaf or branch, we do not despair, and say "a poor worm has died and found here his grave. We know that the mysterious life-principle is still warm within; that the form alone is undergoing a change, and that for the better. It is becoming perfected, and presently will break its prison and come forth on wings.
This, too, is resurrection from the dead.
In the hard life-coated egg we know a living bird dwells, and will break the shell and learn to fly. Yet there is no apparent life in the egg!
This, too, is a resurrection—a birth out of death. There is no birth but out of death. Death is the process of germination—the means by which life puts on new and higher forms—the renewal of being.
Some say, there can plainly be no resurrection of the body. The soul shall rise and live, but the poor mortal body shall return to that dust from which it came.
What then is the body? Is it this grass shell of earth and corruption, which is manifest to our outward senses? Is it that which, when the change comes, is nailed up into the coffin and consigned to the dust, and the banqueting worm?
Is, then, the hard shell which surrounds the seed, a part of that seed? Does not that shell burst and drop away, and finally decay, when the process of germination takes place? Does not the young bird leave the shell which imprisoned it, to crumble and decay? Is the shell a part of the body? So it is with the outer shell of the human body: it decays, becomes one with the dust again—leaving the true body "emancipated and free!"
What, then, is the body? It is the *form of the Spirit*. It is the image of God—pure, holy, undecayed by any dead material substance. Thereby we know and recognize individual Spirits. And in proportion as our sight is single to look through this outer covering of gross flesh, we shall even in this life see the true inner form of every man—the development of his interior being. The time is coming—I had almost said *now*—when all men shall see and know each other, thus: when it shall be as though the body had no prison-walls, and the eye no scales. Then all men will be known of all men, and God of all, and then every one shall call his fellow—brother. Our bodies are temples of the living God; and shall His temple perish? Shall His "house, not made with hands," decay and mingle with the dust? Nay, verily it shall be "eternal in the heavens."
UNDINE.

MISS KATE FOX.
FREE COMMUNICATIONS.
It is with pleasure that the Society for "THE DIFFUSION OF SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE," informs the public of the return of Miss Fox from her summer tour in Canada and the West, as she resumes her labors at the Rooms of the Society, subject to the direction and pay of the same. She will in this, as in her former engagements, sit, without charge to the public, for the benefit of SKEPTICS or SCENES, as are not yet convinced of the reality of Spirit-intercourse, and know not the consolations of Spirit Mediation.
Hours, from 10 to 1, every day, Saturday and Sunday excepted.
The Society wish it distinctly borne in mind that Miss Fox is employed for the purpose of *converting the skeptical*, rather than to contribute to the pleasure of the *Spiritualistic believer*, and it is expected, therefore, that those who are converted will not occupy the time of the Medium.
This change is warranted not only by the experience of the past year and a half, but suggested by the consideration, that those who may wish communications from their Spirit friends can, and should, avail themselves of the services of other Mediums.

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In addition to the above, may be found, at the Society's Rooms the following publications by Messrs. Fowler and Wells. In order to accommodate those desiring to purchase, we give the prices of each work with the postage added. The postage will be pre-paid at the New York Post-Office. By pre-paying postage, the books will be sent by mail, and the purchaser. All letters containing orders should be post-paid.
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SPIRITUAL STRENGTH.

BROTHER TOOLEY: The following lines were written by a Spirit, through Mrs. R. M. Henderson, of Newtowa, Conn., when she was in a sleeping trance state, to one who had received great afflictions, and even persecutions, from those in earth-life connected with him.

Immortal soul, and bigots sneer,
And early rise all disappear,
Still raise my heart to heaven above,
For God, thy Father, rules in Love.

What though thou walkest thro' the fire
Of bitter heat and deadly ire,
'T will but consume the clouds that roll
Like heavy burdens round the soul.

'T is vain to seek for peace below,
For earthly things bring care and woe;
Though sorrow cries, Let pass the cup,
Hope bears the fainting Spirit up.

If thou thy heavenly call obey,
Wisdom and love shall guide thy way;
And angels wait there to that shore,
Where error was with truth no more.

BRIDGEPORT, Nov. 15th, 1855.

GOING HOME.

We said that the days were evil,
We felt that they might be few,
For low was our fortune's level,
And heavy the winter grew;
But one who had no possession
Looked up to the azure dome,
And said, in his simple fashion,
"Dear friends, we are going home."

This world is the same full market
That wearied its earliest age;
The times to the wise are dark yet,
But so hath been many an age;
And rich grow the toiling nations,
And red grow the battle spears,
And dreary with desolations
Roll onward the laden years.

What need of the changeless story
Which time hath so often told,
The spectre that follows glory,
The fanker that comes with gold—
That wisdom and strength and honor
Must fade like the far sea foam,
And Death is the only winner!
But, friends, we are going home!

The homes we had hoped to rest in,
Were open to sin and strife;
The dreams that our youth was blest in,
Were not for the wear of life;
For care can darken the cottage
As well as the palace hearth,
And harkings are sold for potage,
But never redeemed on earth.

The springs have gone by in sorrow,
The summers were grieved away,
And ever we feared to-morrow,
And ever we blamed to-day;
In depths which the searcher sounded,
On hills which the high heart clomb,
Have trouble and toil abounded—
But, friends, we are going home!

Our faith was the bravest builder,
But found not a stone of trust;
Our love was the fairest glider,
But lavished its wealth on dust—
And time hath the fabric shaken,
And fortune the clay hath shown,
For much they have changed and taken,
But nothing that was our own.

The light that to us made baser
The paths which so many choose,
The gifts there were found no place for,
The riches we could not use;
The heart that when life was wintry,
Found summer in strain and tone,
With these to our kin and country—
Dear friends, we are going home!

MRS. CHILDS'S NEW WORK ON THE PROGRESS OF RELIGIOUS IDEAS.

The following is Mrs. Childs's "Preface," to her recently published work on the "PROGRESS OF RELIGIOUS IDEAS THROUGH SUCCESSIVE AGES." We copy it, in hopes the excellent sense it contains, may induce the reader to become better acquainted with the writings of Mrs. Childs, as we have long considered her of the Spiritual family, since she has ever been able to find "tongues in trees, books in running brooks, Sermons in Stones and good in every thing." Naturally enough, she has sought and found "the true, the beautiful, and the good" in all Religions, for it seems to be a fact in her consciousness as well as in her religious belief, that "God is no respecter of persons." The following not only teaches the method she used in obtaining these, but modestly enough, informs the reader what he may expect to find in the work referred to.—*Ed. Ch. Spt.*

I would candidly advise persons who are conscious of bigoted attachment to any creed or theory, not to purchase this book. Whether they are bigoted Christians or bigoted infidels, its tone will be likely to displease them.

My motive in writing has been a very simple one. I wished to show that *theology is not religion*; with the hope that I might help to break down partition walls; to ameliorate what the eloquent Bushnell calls "baptized hatred of a human race." In order to do this, I have endeavored to give a concise and comprehensive account of religions, in the liberal spirit of the motto on my title page. The period embraced in my plan extends from the most ancient Hindoo records to the complete establishment of the Catholic Church.

While my mind was yet in its youth, I was offended by the manner in which Christian writers usually describe other religions; for I observed that they habitually covered apparent contradictions and absurdities, in Jewish or Christian writings, with a veil of allegories and mystical interpretation, while the records of all other religions were unscrupulously analyzed, or contemptuously described as "childish fables," or "filthy superstitions." I was well aware that this was done unconsciously, under the influence of habitual reverence for early teaching; and I was still more displeased with the scoffing tone of skeptical writers, who regarded all religions as founded on imposture. Either way, the one-sidedness of the representation troubled my strong sense of justice. I recollect wishing, long ago, that I could become acquainted with some good intelligent Brahmin, or Mohammedan, that I might learn, in some degree, how their religion appeared to them. This feeling expanded within me, until it took form in this book. The facts it contains are very old! the novelty it claims is the point of view from which those facts are seen and presented. I have treated all religions with reverence, and shown no more favor to one than to another. I have exhibited each one in the light of its own Sacred Books; and in giving quotations, I have aimed in every case to present impartially the beauties and the blemishes. I have honestly tried never to exaggerate merits or conceal defects. I have not declared that any system was true, or that any one was false. I have even avoided the use of the word *heaven*; for though harmless in its original signification, it is used in a way that implies condescension or contempt; and such a tone is inconsistent with the perfect impartiality I have wished to observe. I have tried to place each form of worship in its own light; that is, as it ap-

peared to those who sincerely believed it to be of divine origin. But even this candid method must necessarily produce a very imperfect picture, drawn as it is by a modern mind, so foreign to ancient habits of thought, and separated from them by the lapse of ages. The process has been exceedingly interesting; for the history of the religious sentiment, struggling through theological mazes, furnishes the most curious chapter in the strange history of mankind.

I offer the results of my investigations with extreme timidity. Not because I am afraid of public opinion; for I have learned to place exceedingly little value on any thing the world can give or take away. But I have been oppressed with anxiety, lest I should not perform the important task in the right spirit and the most judicious manner. I have conscientiously tried to do it with great care, fearlessness, truthfulness, perfect candor, reverence toward God, and tenderness for human nature. I have sought out facts diligently, and stated them plainly; leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions freely, uninfluenced by suggestions from me. The inferences deduced from my statements will vary according to the predominance of the reverential or the rationalistic element in character. I have contented myself with patiently digging out information from books old and new, and presenting it with all the clearness and all the honesty of which I am capable. To write with the unbiased justice at which I aimed, I was obliged to trample under my feet the theological underbrush, which always tangles and obstructs the path, when the soul strives to be guided only by the mild bright star of religious sentiment. It is never pleasant to walk directly through and over the opinions of the age in which one lives. I have not done it sarcastically, as if I despised them; because such is not my feeling. I have done it in a straight-forward, quiet way, as if I were unconscious of their existence. I foresee that many good and conscientious people will consider it a great risk to treat religious history in that manner. If I could have avoided giving them pain, and at the same time have written with complete impartiality, I would most gladly have done so. For myself, I have firm faith that plain statements of truth can never eventually prove injurious, on any subject.

Milton has expressed this conviction with rare eloquence: "Though all the winds of doctrine be let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously to doubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple. Who ever knew Truth put to the worse by a free and open encounter? Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle viewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unsealing her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous flocking birds, with those also who love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms." What would ye do then? Should ye suppress all this flowery crop of knowledge, sprung up, and yet daily springing up? Should ye set an oligarchy of twenty engrossers over it, to bring a famine upon our minds again, when we shall know nothing but what is measured to us by their bushel? Believe it, they who counsel you to such suppressing, do as good as bid you suppress yourselves."

If scholars should read this book, they may perchance smile at its extreme simplicity of style. But I have written for the popular mind, not for the learned. I have therefore aimed principally at conciseness and clearness. I have recorded dates, and explained phrases, supposed to be generally understood, because I know there are many intelligent readers not familiar with such dates and phrases, and who cannot conveniently refer to encyclopedias or lexicons. I am aware of having inserted very many things which are perfectly well known to every body. But this was unavoidable, in order to present a continuous whole, from the same point of view. Doubtless, a learned person could have performed the task far better, in many respects; but on some accounts, my want of learning is an advantage. Thoughts do not range so freely, when the store-room of the brain is overloaded with furniture. In the course of my investigations, I have frequently discovered that a great amount of erudition becomes a veil of thick clouds between the subject and the reader. Moreover, learned men can rarely have such freedom from any sectarian bias, as the circumstances of my life have produced in me.

It is now more than eight years since I first began this task. Had I foreseen how far my little boat would carry me out to sea, I should certainly not have undertaken the voyage. Unexpected impediments interrupted the labor during three years; but even then, my thoughts and my reading were continually directed toward it. I have been diligent and patient in procuring and comparing facts, from sources deemed perfectly authentic, and I have been scrupulously conscientious in the statement of them. I may have made mistakes; for it is not easy to arrive at the exact truth amid a mass of obscure and often contradictory statements. But I have done my best; and if there are errors, they have not proceeded from intention or from carelessness. I have not asked any person what I should say, or how I should say it. My natural love of freedom resisted such procedure; and, foreseeing that I might incur unpopularity, I was unwilling to implicate others. I have, therefore, merely stated to learned men and women, that I wished for information on specified subjects, and inquired of them what were the best books to be consulted. I have sometimes condensed quotations, for the sake of brevity, but I have never misquoted, or misrepresented.

I am not aware that any one, who truly revered Christianity, has ever before tried the experiment of placing it precisely on a level with other religions, so far as the manner of representation is concerned. Even wise and candid men, more or less unconsciously, adopt a system of withholding evidence on one side, and accumulating it on the other; as the most honest lawyers do, when pleading a cause. The followers of all religions practice self-deception of this kind. They forget that most human beings would seem great and holy, in comparison with others, if all the weaknesses were carefully concealed on one side, and protruded into prominence on the other; if all the excellencies were rendered conspicuous on one side, and kept out of sight on the other. I have tried to avoid this tendency. I have given beautiful extracts from Platonic philosophers and from Christian Fathers. I have portrayed the benevolence of bishops, without veiling their ambition or intolerance. I have not eulogized any doctrines as true, or stigmatized any as false. I have simply said so it was argued, and thus it was decided. I knew of no other method by which complete impartiality could be attained.

Some may consider the sketches of Apollonius, Philo, Cerinthus, Plotinus, and others, as irrelevant to the history of Christianity. But in order to trace

the progress of religious ideas, it was necessary to describe the prominent characters and external influences which modified their growth; for the surrounding Spiritual atmosphere affects the formation of all opinions. I have therefore endeavored to show what degree of preparation there was, in the Jewish and Gentile world, for the coming of Christianity, and then what kind of resistance it met, internally and externally. I may have misunderstood some theological statements; for it is not easy to draw a continuous thread from the tangled skein of polemical controversy; which constantly reminds me of the Scotch definition of metaphysics: "It is ane mon explaining to another what he dinna weel understand himself."

The perfect openness with which I have revealed many particulars generally kept in the background, will trouble some devoted people whose feelings I would not willingly wound. But I place great reliance on sincerity, and have strong faith on the power of genuine Christianity to stand on its own internal merits, unaided by concealment. My own mind has long been desirous to ascertain the plain, unvarnished truth on all these subjects; and having sought it out, I felt prompted to impart it to those who were in a similar state. Those who wish to obtain candid information, without caring whether it does or does not sustain any favorite theory of their own, may perhaps thank me for saving them the trouble of searching through large and learned volumes for scattered items of information; and if they complain of want of profoundness, they may perchance be willing to accept simplicity and clearness in exchange for depth. In order to do justice to the book, if read at all, it ought not to be glanced at here and there, but read carefully from the beginning to the end, because the links of a continuous chain are preserved throughout.

Constant reference to authorities would have loaded the pages with notes, and unpleasantly interrupted the reading. I have therefore given, at the end of the volume, a list of the principal books I have used, which can be examined by any one who doubts the accuracy of my statements.

Sustained by conscious integrity of purpose, and having executed my task faithfully, according to the best of my ability, I quietly leave the book to its fate, whether it be neglect, censure, or praise.

ELEGANT GIFT BOOK FOR SPIRITUALISTS.

Those who were so much interested and delighted with "*The Lily Wreath*," published as a gift book last year, will be pleased to learn that another volume from the same source, will be issued early in December, by Brother Marsh, of Boston, entitled "*The Bequest*." We make the following selections from a few pages of proof-sheets with which we have been favored. The Guardian Spirit describes the various beauties in the garden of the soul:—

HUMILITY.

Humility is the flower I bring to-night. Let us plant it anew in the soul, for 'tis the sweetest flower that grows in the paradise of God. It opens so tenderly for the dews of heaven; it unfolds so gently, so quietly. While gayer buds are blooming, and taller plants are waving proudly in the breeze, waiting the admiring gaze of travelers, this lowly plant, humility, is sending out its rich and sweet perfume that the more ambitious blossom loses in its towering aspiration.

To keep the spirit humble and lowly, is a truth that is written on the tablet of every soul; but the ambition of time often obliterates it. He that walks lowly shall gather many pebbles that the aspirant of fame has trod upon.

CHARITY.

There is another tender blossom that I would bring. It is the running, clinging flower of charity. How deeply painted, how beautifully dyed by the sunbeams of righteousness it grows. How tenderly it looks out on the smaller blossoms, and bends its head that they may catch its sweet, soft fragrance; and then when autumn sears its neighboring plants, it kindly scatters its leaves on them and covers up their decay. And when some little bud of life is fainting, the dews of heaven's sweet plant of charity invites some summer breeze to take a leaf whereon some dew drop rests, and bear it to the parching bud. This blossom never dies; it scatters its leaves and blooms again. Blest flower of charity!

SYMPATHY.

Another is the full-blown bud called sympathy. A beautiful flower of the soul. Its roots are so interwoven and twined with all the flowers of earth, that it takes from the vital force only to send back again when their winter comes. It is a bright spring blossom, whose currents run deep through the soil, and infuses its little drops of life that other flowers may spring up to earth brighter and more beautiful for its kindly aid. Its power is all unseen; it runs along the clinging roots and holds them in a mighty grasp, and thus some distant rose is blooming and growing from the long-continued force that the spring-flower of sympathy sends to give to her sister blossom.

HOPE.

There is yet another brilliant bud called hope. Its nature is to be, not fully blown but half unfolded to the light so as to catch the golden rays that linger on it, and to keep them there in its bud-like embrace. Were it all unfolded, the rays would pass off, and so when the night comes gathering on, and other blossoms have folded in their leaves of repose, the brilliant hope bud has retained the rays of the morning, and sends them on missions of good cheer to others.

LOVE.

There is another blossom that reigns queen of the mighty host. It is the crown imperial of the buds and blossoms that grow within the soul of man. It is the flower of love.

'T is all unfolded to celestial light,
'T is always blooming to the child of night.

Its fragrance is the gathered perfume of all other buds, the concentration of sweetness, the heavenly extract of purity, and it is the plant on which angels fold their wings and rest. It is a flower so mighty and growing that it reaches out beyond the garden walls, and creeps along in twining beauty, clinging from its own sweetness, to the walls of neighboring souls. It runs and mounts the highest frame work of man's device. Ye cannot stay its mighty growth, for it is watered by seraphs. Angels, bright angels prune it. Divinity himself hath planted this heavenly flower of love. Long may its perfume fill our souls; forever may its sweetness abide. It is the flower of eternity. There is not a human garden without it. It grows in the conservatories of archangels; it creeps over the bowers of seraphs, and is planted by the hut of the demon. Let us traverse creation, and the universe, and we will find love the life-flower; we'll find it everywhere a native plant. It goes twining around the borders of creation. It runs in spiral beauty through the centre of the universe, sending out its fragrance to the borders, till their fragrance meets in beauty ecstatic.

'T is my flower, 't is thy flower, 't is creation's blossom of love. Let us take this flower at parting, let us bring it at meeting, and let us wear it forever.

When humanity cries for a blossom, we will give it a leaf from the love plant. Let us nestle in this blossom till we meet again.

From the Spiritual Messenger.

GOD REVEALS HIMSELF TO US NOW AS EVER BEFORE.—BIBLE MANIFESTATIONS MAY BE COMPARED WITH MODERN REVELATIONS.

See St. John, the Divine's Revelations, 1st chapter, 1st, 2d, and 3d verses, A. D. 96.

1st verse.—The revelations of Jesus Christ, which God gave to him, to show unto his servants things which must shortly come to pass; and he sent and signified it by his angel (a Spirit of one of the Prophets) unto his servant John.

2d verse.—Who bare record of the word of God, and of the testimony of Jesus Christ, and of all things that he saw.

3d verse.—Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep these things which are written therein, for the time is at hand.

Rev. chap. 22d, vs. 6th.—And he said unto me, these sayings are faithful and true; and the Lord God of the holy Prophets sent his angel to show unto his servants the things which must shortly be done.

Chapt. 22d, v. 8th.—And I John saw these things and heard them. And when I had heard and seen, I fell down to worship before the feet of the angel which showed me these things.

Chapt. 26th, v. 9th.—Then saith he unto me, see thou do it not: for I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book: worship God.

The above revelation was given A. D. 96, according to bible chronology. Christ died A. D. 33, therefore it was after Christ died 63 years, and came from God to Christ, from Christ to his angel, (the Spirit of a prophet,) from the angel or Spirit to John, (the medium living in the flesh,) and from John to the people and 7 churches.

The more we hear, read and examine, the greater evidence we find that God's laws are perfect and unchangeable, governed by cause and effect, and that the bible proves Spiritualism, and modern revelations throw light on, confirm and explain much that is obscure in the bible. God is now revealed to man as ever he has been, through his works, and by words through ranks of Angels or the ministration of Angels or Spirits who are different only in degree of advancement, elevation and intelligence; the higher communicating to the lower, coming to us, through media, in this life, who by peculiar mental and physical condition, have the gift of discernment of Spirits and can communicate from them. This power with other Spiritual gifts, were possessed by some, under the Mosaic or Jewish dispensation, or age; and continued with them, until by disobedience and a breach of the covenant, the kingdom was taken from them and given to the Gentiles. The primitive church, in days of the Apostles, possessed the gifts during their obedience; where are these gifts now? The thousand and more fragmentary sectarian party organizations, have none of them, not one of them has a gift: they have the form and deny the power. The scriptures and history refer to four distinctly marked Eras, ages or dispensations, two have passed, we are in the third, or we may say, we are in the transition state, its close; and the fourth, called in the bible the dispensation of the fullness of time is now dawning, and the glories of a Spirit world are fast opening to a benighted world.

The first may be termed the Adamic or Patriarchal, the second the Mosaic or Jewish, the third (which we are in the close of) is the christian or gospel. "And the fourth or bright day long expected and hoped for by mankind" is now dawning, and is termed in the Bible the dispensation of the fullness of time, also called the New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of Heaven; the Millennium. The establishment of that kingdom, Christ taught us to pray for; God's reign of righteousness on Earth; all which refer to the same period. In each of these dispensations, revelations and inspirations were given, suited to the condition of those in each. Progression is a law of God. In the first dispensation, age or era, they were without the law, and a law unto themselves. The works of creation and providence afford evidence, if justly perceived, of the essential perfections of God, and the fundamental principles of moral obligation, notwithstanding they worshipped many Gods, consulted oracles and temples. I doubt not Spiritual communications were given them, yet their sources not understood or appreciated. God has always made known his will in various ways from time to time, previous to the days of the Prophets, and no portion of mankind have ever been wholly destitute of a knowledge of divine truths, which he has made known to mankind. The knowledge of the divine character and fundamental principle of moral truths early made known to the ancient Patriarchs, have had their effect, and can never be obliterated from the minds of their posterity.

When the law was given to Moses, written on tablets of stone, by the finger of God; and which came by the ministry of Angels (or by ranks of Angels as translated by Thompson) and in the same way revelations came to St. John and the 7 churches of Asia. The Jews had inspirations and revelations suited to a higher and progressed condition, and were taught there is one God, to worship him. Then they had prophets, prophetesses, seers, discerners of Spirits, and were endowed with the gifts of tongues, the interpretation of tongues, and of healing the sick, and diversities of manifestations, and ministrations of Angels and Spirits.—These gifts continued with the Jews until by reason of disobedience and a breach of the covenant the gifts were taken from them, and given to the Gentiles, a nation bringing forth the fruits of the kingdom.

Christ came, the Mosaic or Jewish dispensation was abrogated (the veil of the temple was rent from bottom to top), the Christian or gospel dispensation was substituted and higher inspirations and revelations were given, suited to a still higher and more progressed and advanced condition.—Then was taught not only there is one God, but life and immortality were brought to light, and the gifts were restored. They again had prophets, prophetesses, seers, discerners of Spirits, the gifts of healing the sick, speaking and interpreting tongues, and the Apostles, Evangelists, and Elders received wisdom and knowledge, and with their qualifications the Gentiles, who possessed the kingdom, were blessed and endowed with Spiritual blessings and the signs followed those who believed. They have lost them long since. Lo! where are they now? The church (if it can be found) nor they thousand and more sects have a gift. In this dawning dispensation of the fullness of time, outside of the church organizations (who have the form and deny the power), the people have inspirations and revelations, still higher, and are taught, and assured, there is one God, that life and immortality are brought to light, and that it consists in eternal life

and eternal progress, and we are taught the manner of it. By analogy we may expect a restoration of the gifts fully, already they are partially given, for we have thousands of media for Spiritual light and intelligence; some prophecy, discern Spirits, speak in diverse tongues and heal the sick.

Let us preserve the unity of the Spirit, in the bond of peace, and be passive and harmonious, strive for good works, cultivate the Spiritual principle, the inward teacher, seek light, appropriate and live up to the Spiritual teachings of the high advanced intelligences of the heavenly spheres, and so increase in happiness, wisdom, knowledge and Spiritual perfection, and we may deserve to have and retain the gifts. Spirits assure us they are able and delight to impart to us all useful intelligence, that we are prepared to receive.

DAN GARGO.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

LETTER NO. IV.

To MRS. MERCY BLANCHÉ OF BUFFALO,

Dear Lady: Doubtless, you will be surprised to find what a wonderful change has come over the spirit of my dream. You have known me when I was an inveterate disbeliever in all matters of inspiration and revelation, in fact of everything of a tangible Spiritual nature. Now, you will ask, "is it possible, my old friend, attaches any importance to dreams?" My answer, is, lady, there is nothing in the universe without a use and purpose. Dreams have a significance, and I judge them as I do every thing else by their intrinsic merits and by the amount of evidence afforded in the case. I am calling your attention to the little incidents that make up the sum total of human experience.—There is a "still small voice" in the rivulet and the wind, and the spring violet can talk, and the birds are connecting links in the great chain of events that connects Deity with every particle of the universe. Birds possess the rare gift of music, and birds are acted upon by human sympathies and emotions. Birds are mediums. Their nervous systems can be controlled by psychological influences. This I know practically. I have studied birdology from boyhood. A few short notices of this point of my subject, will be sufficient. The first is an item in my own experience, and one to which I attach very little importance. If it had happened in a distant part of the world eighteen hundred years ago, it would read large on paper now. About three years since, I was walking on a country road, some distance from home, where I had never been before. I had engaged to address an audience on the following day, on the subject of Spiritualism. My mind was far from easy, for I was a novice in the art of public speaking, and I presume I felt very much as Jonah did when he ran away to Joppa instead of going to Nineveh to stir up the natives. I know I felt more like looking down a whale's throat, than like facing an audience. While debating the question in my mind, I was startled by a noise above, and before I had time to look up, a white dove alighted on my head, and cooed, and pecked my hat, while I was walking forty or fifty rods. I am sure it was nothing but a dove, for I saw it fly away over the fields. For some reasons not easily explained, I grew bold at once, and determined to speak the next day if it split me.

The next case for consideration is found in the confession of Andrews Hall, who was executed in this city for the murder of an aged couple in Petersburg in this county. He states that when he approached the house where he committed the murder, a large bird hovered around his head, then passed in advance of him, and perched on the fence. After he had passed it, the bird repeated the movement, and so on several times successively. The third case of reference is still more remarkable. A canal boat was lying in the basin at Port Schuyler, below West Troy. The captain's wife went on deck to look for her little boy, who had clambered up the cabin stairs a few minutes before. Soon as she reached the deck, a small brown bird fluttered and screamed around her, then alighted on her shoulder, and repeated its piteous cry in her ear. Again it flew around her head and uttered its shrill, piercing cry, and then flew upward in circles, till it passed from sight. The bird was seen and heard by a number of boatmen and others. The lifeless body of the missing boy was fished up by the side of the boat a few minutes afterwards. Fourth, I was spending an evening at the house of a friend. About twenty Spiritualists were present, including four or five good mediums. Near midnight a bird came in at the open window, and hovered over the heads of the circle, and then settled on the carpet. This was repeated several times. Lady, I would gladly continue as I first intended, through a long chain of events in my experience, illustrating the wonderful connection and harmonious blending of the finite particles of the universe, with the incomprehensible cause that acts through each and all. I did intend to lead you along from step to step among the wild flowers, pointing you to the Spiritual significance of every thing, and revealing to your mind the fountains of life and being, that make up the individual and bear him onward amid the constantly unfolding glories of an endless life. In your early girlhood, I led you among the magnificent scenery of the western forest and by the shore of lake Erie.—Those first lessons from the page of God's own book have carried their influence with you, and me, through all the trials and sorrows we have known since then. Unknown to me, your mind had gradually unfolded to a power that could grasp the "unidentified" manifestations of Spirit-existence, now so common by our firesides and in our closets. And I owe it to the general reader here to state, that since the beginning of these letters, I have sat in a circle in your own house, and heard you say, "I know Spiritualism is true." My mission then with you is done; you have passed the infancy of mind and can walk alone. My mission is pulling weeds, and preparing the soil for a crop. It is pleasant to address a lady—a being of gentleness and affection, but I must forego that pleasure, and turn from the path of flowers to the thorns and brambles of the bye-ways. There are vacant chairs, and sorrowing hearts by almost every hearth stone, and before we can shower the Spiritual rain upon their thirsty souls, we must grub up the noxious weeds that grow around.—Bigots and hirelings must be lashed with the rod of truth first.

S. M. PETERS.

From the Christian Telegraph.

A PARABLE.

And it came to pass that the "Master of Life," planted a grove of oaks. And the sun shone, and the dews fell, and the winds breathed upon them, and the trees began to grow, for the soil was fruitful and the seed was good. Then went the "Master of Life" away joyfully, and said in his heart, when I return after many days, behold my eyes will be glad, for they will look upon a noble grove of majestic oaks, waving their stately boughs in

the air, and crowning the plains with beauty. But when he was gone there came one whose name is Ignorance, bringing with him his son who is also called Superstition. And these two built a high tree, and they scattered many stones upon the ground, and stretched a thick covering over their heads, so that the light and the sunshine, and the dews and the sweet air of heaven could not reach them. And when they had done these things, they spake unto the trees, saying, "Oh trees, ye are free, and have power over yourselves, to become whatsoever ye will. Now, therefore grow strong and straight. Let your roots strike deep into the earth, and let your branches tower aloft into heaven." And the trees strove mightily to fulfill the commandment which had been given to them. But in vain. Some of them withered and died, and others reaching out their struggling in their agony after the light, and the sunshine, and the dews, and the sweet air of heaven, grew up crooked and became unlovely to look upon. And when the evil ones who had builded the wall about them, and taken away the light, and the dew, and the air, saw it, they cursed the trees because they did not grow straight, and beautiful, and strong, saying, "Why lumber they thus around? Let us fall upon them, and cut them down, and cast them into the fire everlasting." But while they made ready to execute their evil designs, they lifted up their eyes, and behold! afar off they saw the Master of Life coming that way. And when they saw him they were sore afraid, because their deeds were evil, and they fled, leaving their axe upon the ground.

Then came the Master of Life, and as he drew near a sad and mournful sound went forth from the midst of the boughs of the trees which he had planted. And when the Master of Life heard the voice of their lamentation, his heart was moved with compassion within him. And he took the axe which the evil ones had left in their flight, and with a strong arm he snote the walls of iron which Ignorance and Superstition had builded about the trees, and broke it in pieces, and he tore down the covering which excluded the light, and removed all the stones from off the ground so that the light, and the sunshine, and the dews, and the gentle winds of heaven were no more excluded from them. And the Master of Life watched over them, and they prospered, and the trees grew and flourished mightily, and became strong and beautiful. Nevertheless, those which had been made crooked by the evil works of Ignorance and Superstition, could not become entirely straight, but they grew to be more crooked and the thick green boughs shot forth luxuriantly and hid from sight their deformity, so that they became fair to look upon, and were strong and healthy. And their children which sprung up around them, blessed with the glad light of day, and the sweet influence of the gentle dews and the fragrant winds grew tall and straight, and beautiful. So that when the aged trees, their parents were removed by the gentle hand of nature, there remained only a majestic grove of tall and stately oaks which joyfully strove their branches together, and praised evermore the merciful "Master of Life."

DETROIT, Nov. 12, 1855. R. H. BROWN.

SPICE ISLANDS.

PASSED IN THE SEA OF READING.

FROM MRS. STEPHEN'S "OLD HOME-STEAD."

The maple-trees shook their golden boughs, as they had been hooding up sunshine for months, and poured it in one rich deluge over their billowy and restless leaves.

A man must possess fire in himself before he can kindle up the electricity that thrills the great popular heart.

Home is emphatically the poor man's paradise. The rich, with their many resources, too often fly away from the hearth-stone, in heart, if not in person; but to the virtuous poor, domestic life is the only legitimate and positive source of happiness short of that holier heaven which is the soul's home.

There are moments in human life when persons linked together in a series of events, may form *tableaux*, which stand out from ordinary groupings like an illustration stamped in strong light on shadow on the book of destiny.

The all-seeing One, who judges the thought as well as the act, will make no distinction between life drained drop by drop from the soul, and the sent forth at a blow with the red hand.

Neither men nor women become what they are intended to be by carpeting their progress with velvet; real strength is tested by difficulties.

One night, when it had been raining, in the winter—while the great trees were dripping wet—came the moon and stars bright, with a sharp frost, and then all the branches were hung with ice, the moonshine, glittering and bending low toward the ground, just as if the starlight had all set on the limbs, and was loading them down to brightness.

A light wind had followed the frost, and all was mossy turf was carpeted with leaves crimson, green, russet, and gold. Sometimes a commingling of these colors might be found on one leaf; sometimes, as they looked upward, the great branches of an oak stooped over their heads, heavy with leaves of the deepest green, fringed and mottled with blood-red, as if the great heart of the tree were broken and bleeding to death, through all the veins of its foliage.

Could you have seen them slumbering beneath the humble roof of some tiny room, with their pillows you might have fancied that those little rooms were swarming with invisible angels—Spirits from paradise that had come down to make a little heaven of the poor man's home. Indeed, I am not quite sure that the idea would have been all fancy—for Charity, that brightest Spirit of heaven, was there, waiting for a glorious troop she always brings to her train! Talk of flinging your bread upon the waters, waiting for it to be cast up after many days, the very joy of casting the bread you have sown, for your own strength upon the waves of humanity, is reward enough for the best of us.

The barn was a vast rustic bower that night. One end was heaped with corn ready for husking; the floor was